i'd BUy THat FoR A dollAR

Issue #10 (Vol. I)
Oct. 1998

"BRING ME THE HEAD OF THE TACO BELL CHIHUAHUA!"



Featuring Never Befor Published Material... Mostly Becau We Couldn't Get It Printed ANY where Else But That's Beside The Point. Yes.

I'D BUY THAT FOR A DOLLAR!

Volume I, Issue #10 October 1998

Lame Excuse #896:

This issue is the first part of a three part series--a first for this publication, as it were. The main reason behind this is that most of the stuff written in all three issues was written around the same period of time (or, at least within the same year-long period). This also gives me a very good excuse for why this issue is so late, so I can aviod having to ever talk about it again.

Some people have problems with their hobbies because of time or money restraints. And while the illusion is that I have made a living writing what I think about things no one else cares about, in all actuality I don't, and the only restraint I have in doing my little hobby--i.e. this 'zine--is the fact that I even get sick of hearing myself bitch about stuff. That, and the fact that obviously since I enjoy doing it there is, therefore, no way in hell that I could ever actually make time for it.

Part two of this little three part non-epic will be the whole next issue, #11, merely because I feel like all of this stuff is connected together. It's like a family of puppies. Giving one away and trying to pass it off as separate from the rest of the litter would seem wrong, so it's easier just to keep it all as a group and call it a family. Less painful that way. All of these things I've written have an interconnected feel to them... and my first inclination was to do them all in one volume. But then I would have had to charge more than the cover price, and that would be even worse.

Part three is a mini-zine intitled, "Mall," available for $0.50 from where ever it was that you ended up getting this at.

Oh, and Cometbus? It was your fault that the story never appeared in my 'zine. You told me to send you the edited copy then wait to hear a response from you before I print it to make sure I didn't fuck it up. That story is in issue #11, so there!

Enjoy.

--G.M. 8/11/98

* *

Issue #10

All text strung together by G.M. except the letters Chris wrote in "Correspondence," the dialog in, "The Wisdom Of Valek (Age Five)," and anything I ripped off from anyone else.

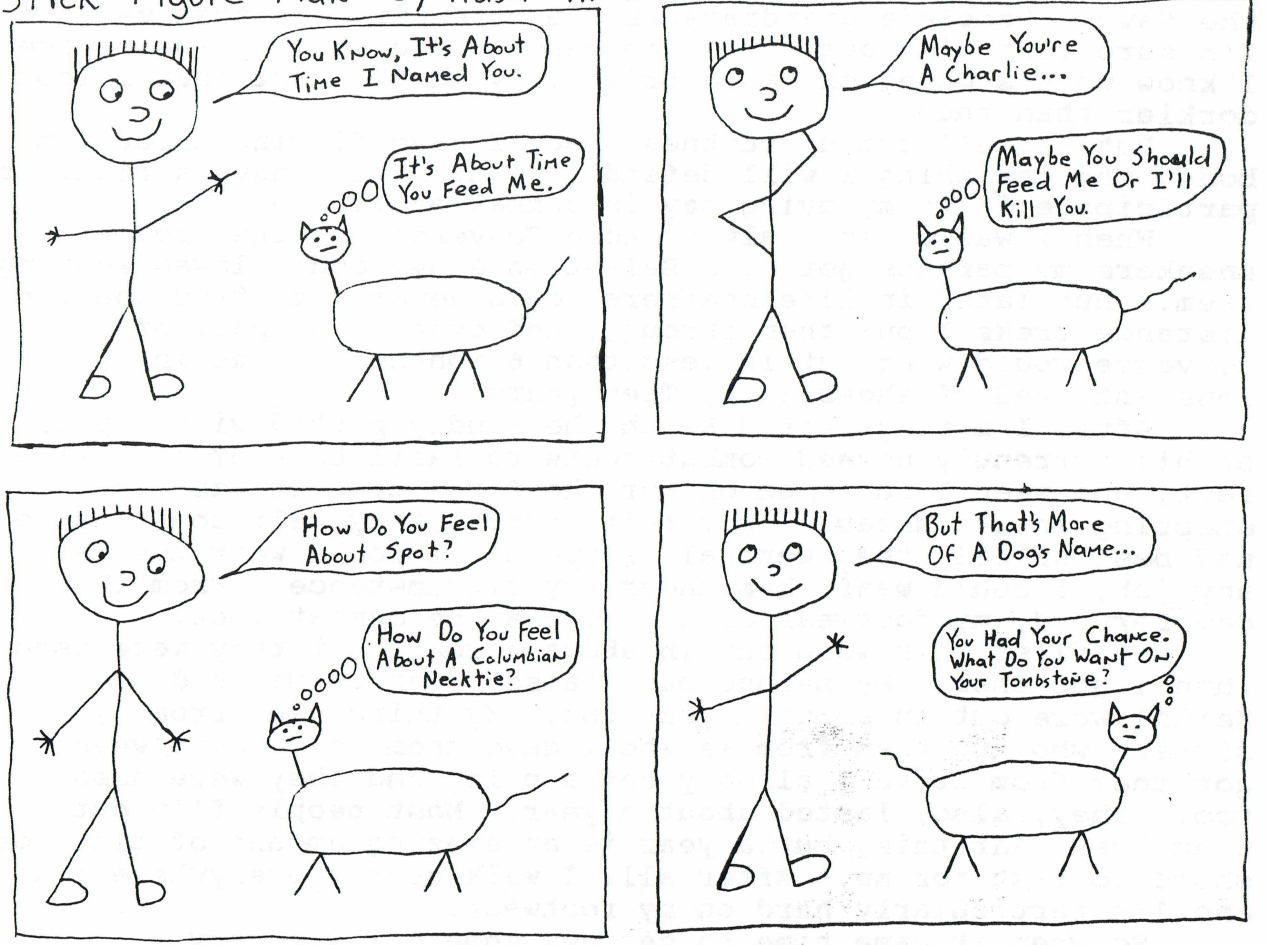
All collages by G.M. (Titles in the order of appearane: "The Importance Of Masterbation," "Our Technological Advances," "American Rock 'N' Fucking Roll!" "Exerpt From 'The Manual Of American Life,' Page 23," &, "The Future?") "Puzzle," within "Correspondence," was done by Chris, & the photo of Tobey is uncredited, mainly because I have no clue who took it. The cover dragon was drawn by Cass, & assembled by G.M.

Back issues are still available. Submissions are still being accepted for future issues. Cassettes are still being accepted for a cassette comp release I'm planning. Get on the ball, you bums!

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Stick-Figure Man by Austin Rich



Punk As Fuck by G.M.

My "Disillusionment With American Punk Rock" Story Written To Increase The Readership Of The Non-Punk Punks In Eugene

Now I've never claimed I'm a punk. I never even claimed I used to be a punk, or that I wanna be a punk. Sure, I own a Dead Kennedys record and bought Ramones albums like they are going out of style, but right next to those are my Dinosaur Jr. LPs, and let's not forget the complete works of They Might Be Giants (both of whom I saw live, and I can't even come close to the same for DK). I may wear a leather jacket occasionally, but I borrow it from my girlfriend who helped promote a show for Black Flag and used to date the head of the Metallica fan club in the Kill 'Em All days, so that's a no go too. I was five when Darby Crash died, and the last show I went to was Mike Watt at the W.O.W. Hall where he played a rock opera about his dad in the Navy. People's grandparents are more hardcore than me, and I'm sure that nine out of 10 emo bands would kick my ass before I know what's going on based primarilly on the fact that I look dorkier than them.

But for all the un-punkness that I have flowing through my body, the one thing I will defend as something I have a right to participate in to my dying day is combat boots.

When I was a kid I always wore Converse, or the free sneakers my parents got at a Salvation Army, and I loved wearing them. But later in life sneakers could never withstand the long distance treks I put them through, and even a new pair of Converse would wear out in less than 6 months. I was in constant need of shoes in my Teen years.

After I met my friend Keith, he kindly parted with a pair of his currently unused combat boots to fasilitate my mistreated feet, and when I put them on for the first time it was like stepping into a dream. They felt sturdy, they felt comfortable, and best of all, they were all purpose! I could wear them at any job, I could wear them under any circumstance. From that day forward, my footwear of choice was the combat boot.

My first pair wore out in about a year, but they were used when I got them. My second pair (also given to me used via Keith) wore out in about a year too. My third came from my sister, who got them from me who I gave them to because when I got them from Steve I already had a pair, and they were used too. They, also, lasted about a year. Most people flip out when they hear this, but a year is an amazing amount of time for shoes to last for me. After all, I walk nearly everywhere I go, and I'm particularly hard on my footwear.

So when it came time to get new shoes, I was very

apprehensive. I have never paid for shoes in my life, ever, and the thought of blowing my beer money on something that'll get trashed anyway was pretty unappealing. (Note: my roommate pointed out to me that it doesn't really matter anyway, because I'm debating the importance between getting trashed and owing something that will get trashed, but I think we all know which one ranks higher). Fortunately, I had such motivating factors in my life such as my boss and comments like, "Get new shoes now or you will die." Stuff like that helps a guy decide real quick.

It couldn't have happened at a better time. The year I decide to actually file my taxes paid off in spades, and right when I needed it the most my state return for $178 came back. I was so happy I felt like dancing, and after cashing it I resolved to get some new boots the next day from the army surplus store. My theory went, $15 later everyone would be pleased as punch.

Okay, maybe $20. $30 tops. But that's it.

My girlfriend had other theories that lay in the $60 range. "$60? You're kidding?"

"Hell no," she said calmly. "60 is about average."

"We're talking about regular old boots, right? The kind you're supposed to kill people in, right?"

"Yeah."

"For $60!?"

"What's the big deal? That's how much I've paid for all of mine."

The "big deal" was, $60 was enough money to eat for 2 months if I were to revert to my ramen-eating lifestyle. The "big deal" was that I made $60 in about 3 1/2 days. $60? Did she realize I've never spent $60 on any one item in my entire life? I've paid cheaper for a month's rent in a trailer.

She tried to calm me down, but I would have no such thing. The numbers added up quickly in my head. There had to have been at least 500 punks in town 2 years back during the Resist & Exist show. That's $3,000, right there, gone. She told me she owned shoes that rand $100 a pair. $100? She MUST be kidding. No sane human would pay that much for shoes.

The next day we made a big deal about getting the boots. I was still in disbelief, so when I got there and found that the boots were not $60, but $70, I hit the roof. I almost refused to buy them. I almost walked out, right then and there, resigned to the idea that I would wear my falling apart boots with virtually no soles on them until I died. My boss would just have to cope with the political statement I was making. My epitath would read, "G.M.: He may not have been a punk, but he died with his smelly boots on."

But eventually I caved. I forked over the cash (mostly because I knew I could bitch about it), the whole time wearing a

huge frown of discontent on my face, as if I'd just been fucked in the ass by a large bully who derives pleasure from doing such things, which was about how I felt so I smiled about that. I told everybody that, for $70, I was going to be buried in those boots, and any person who looked at me for a week afterward heard my tragic tale of woe in full whine-o-phonic stereo.

Then I got to thinking. You average leather jacket runs about $150, depending on where you go. Then you're got the boots, that's another $70, then you've got you're spikes & metal acessories that probably total about $15. Your favorite band's t-shirt is another $5 if you make it yourself, and assuming you got your tatoo for $40 (which is really cheap, considering, even though mine was free, but that's beside the point) and your piercing for $10 (which is also cheap because I have two of those that I even paid fore), you're still running up a $290 tab. Keep in mind that this doesn't even figure in the $5 a week you have to spend on hair dye and hairspray, $5 a day you have to spend on beer, the $3 a day you have to spend on smokes, the $20 a month you have to spend on records to stay, "current," and the $20 a month you have to spend on going to shows.

(It's Fuckin' Expensive To Be Part Of The Sub-Culture!)

Now, assuming the average "life-expectancy" of a punk is 10 years (and that's kind of stretching it), and assuming that s/he only ever needs 1 jacket (impossible), 1 pair of boots (very unlikely), 1 tatoo (not gonna happen), and 1 piercing (theoretically possible), and keeping in mind we haven't even gotten into food or rent or any drugs that they use, and also keeping in mind that this does not cover mods, skins, grandpa punks, wave-os, greasers, rude-people, teddy boys, or other more expensive sects of the genre, we are already running at a grand total of $36,600. For 10 Fucking Years! I only ever spend $27,000 on rent alone in that time span, with my total living expenses for that same 10 year period being just barely over their luxury costs.

Something is very wrong here.

Now, in order to live this opulant lifestyle, these punks had better have some pretty fuckin' nice day jobs, or at least something better than my $7.50/hour management job, which, statistically speaking, they don't. So where does all this money come from?

I have three theories. The first goes like this: Punks must not really pay for any of this stuff. I hear that there really are squats in some towns, and maybe the movie Suburbia (the old one, not the fucked up new one that sucks) was right about how to get food. The only remaining expenses are acessories, and the only logical explaination for where that stuff comes from has to be theft. What shitheads! I worked hard for my boots and just because I won't drink flat

Milwaukie's Best that's been in the sun all day doesn't mean I deserve to have them taxed! Fuckin' Commies!

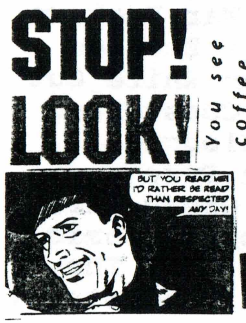
My second theory is that they all get the money from their parents, which makes sense. How else can you have such intense hatred for "The Man" unless your parents are who taught you how to hate them in the first place? Well, why not show them how you really feel about their lifestyle by using their money to finance your own mediocre duplicated version of traditional rebellion? Makes sense to me.

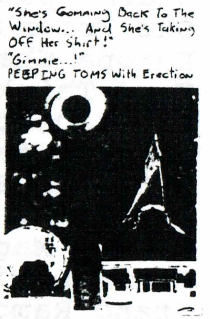
My third theory kind of scares me, and of course it's the one that I believe. What if these punks are government subsidised? Think about it! Okay, you've got a subculture here that can barely afford to keep itself going, and you know that there is not way it'll keep going forever. But, my god!, they can mobilize such a large group of people all at once by putting up a flier on the street! There is something here that the government would really like to get their hands on. So they start up these programs to help give these kids money so they can pay for all this shit, in exchange for their bodies to be used as soldiers in a war. I don't know about you, but if I was going to war, I would want acess to a large group of people who love to break things and dance in mosh pits on speed fighting MY enemies.

Why else would ARMY ISSUE combat boots run $70 a pair? To keep out the people who just want to pretend to be punks. It won't do you any good to try and use an army of punks if most of them aren't even willing to get into a pit.

Well, they can't fool me anymore. I'm through the looking glass on this one, and once you've reached the point of no return like I have, there is no turning back. The only way to defeat this faceless beast is to beat it at it's own game. I'm going to start the "Boots For Fashion-Punks" Fountation, a group completely dedicated to getting combat boots to kids who want to be a punk but don't have the money and aren't violent enough to pass the rigourous governement tests. There's no way they can win that war now!

And, of course, I can get my boots cheaper that way, too. Let's see them get out of this one!



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Definition of Sexual Relations
For the purposes of this deposition, a person engages in "sexual relations" when the person knowingly engages in or causes -
(1) contact with the genitalia, anus, groin, breast, inner thigh, or buttocks of any person with an intent to arouse or gratify the sexual desire of any person;
(2) contact between any part of the person's body or an object and the genitals or anus of another person; or
(3) contact between the genitals or anus of the person and any part of another person's body.
"Contact" means intentional touching, either directly or through clothing.

The Lawyers Are Coming, the Lawyers Are Coming

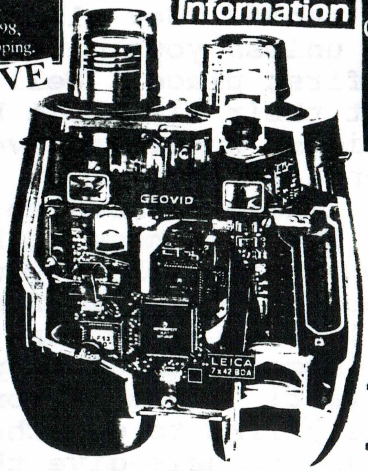
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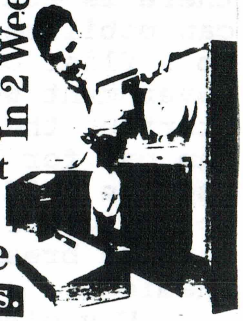
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by G.M.

Bookstore Work Tired Sleep Not Enough Food Hungry Hamburger Manly Beer Balcony Summer Warm Comfortable T-Shit Misfits Toby Salmon Fishing River Water Glass Broken Arm Tatoo Cassandra Love Happy Clean House Not Done Cook Sierra Bread Communist Posters Shows Punk Music Records Tapes Make Create Art Paintings Gallery Building Door Enter Sandman Metallica Sucks Bad Stupid People Sigh Mouth Piercing Ocean Ashland Brandy Ska Clothes Expensive Money Rent Dick Landlord Frustrating Todd Dumb Lyrics Top 40 Radio KWVA Decent Looks Good Fun Sex Children Valek Laugh Cry Emo Dress-Up Go Out Bar Jon Stoned & Drunk Tuesday Night Moon Stars Space Aliens Fantasy Fiction Stories Lies Talking Hanging Out Friends Moving Away Far Disc Jockey King Missle War Eastern Europe Chantal French Food Gross 144 Math School Hate Emotion Head Think Writing Zines Cool Winter Christmas Shonen Knife Cut Blood Demons Skulls KARP Fuck Yeah Chris New Jersey Coast Sand Toys Nostalgia 1994 Icky's Cathead Crappy Bathroom Clogged Arteries Body Slam Wrestling Cable Bill Late TV Blah Puke Bloodshot Eyes LA California 1975 Birthday Cake Ice Cream Parlor Tricks Magic Invisible Monsters Force Field Super Powers Comic Books Devin Old Friend Corvallis Pain Misery Stephen King The Stand Ramones Rockaway Beach Walkman Bus Gateway Mall Bookstore.

Epiphany

by G.M.

Justin broke the news to me while I was drunk and sitting comfortably on my couch, which was an admirable thing for him to do, I might add, because I needed to be sitting down. It was hard enough to cope with Justin's return to my life, or at least, a return to constant and regular contact, but this was almost too much.

Devin was coming to visit. Justin was smiling with that grin of his when he knows he's just dropped a bombshell & is anxious to see the aftermath, and I'm sure he wasn't disappointed. My god, Devin? In Eugene? My mind went reeling. I watched myself blink with un-comprehension. Tomorrow? I almost wished I'd sober up and not remember that he'd told me. But for the next few hours, I couldn't stop scraping the deapths of my memory.

When was the last time I'd seen Devin? I couldn't remember. Graduation? Yes, but it had been since then. I knew that.

Throughout High School & the better part of my worthwhile formative years, Justin and Devin were the only friends I had. Sure, Justin was on the track & football team for a while, and was the social butterfly of our little trio, so he had lots of friends. Devin grew and adapted over the years we hung out 24-7, and though I remained the dorky nerd wanna-be that spent any remaining time after school plugged into a computer or writing, Devin learned the ins and outs of social interaction better than I ever would, and eventually he, too, had scores of friends that I felt uncomfortable around. But when it was just the three of us, there was something that was stronger than the other social bonds they had made. Something beyond definition or understanding.

At least that's how I saw it.

We had our own little three-man club, a group with traditions and regulations that all three of us would be far too embarrassed to reveal in the here-and-now. But there were plenty of other things too. As often as we were all together, there were occasions when it was just Devin & I, or Justin & I, and of course Justin & Devin minus myself. The later, to me, seemed to happen more regularly than I would have liked, but I account this, now, to the fact that all people feel negative energy when they're the one left out.

Maybe I was the one that was the odd man out, who can really tell? Then again, I remember hundreds of conversations with Justin or Devin about what bothered me about the other, and with hindsight I can see that this was probably their way of venting about me. I can understand the need to, especially when

I think about spending most of my High School years with someone like myself.

Through all the trials & tribulations, though, it seemed that nothing could piss any of us off forever. Very few girls came between any of us, and when such a thing like that did occur it would often blow over right after one of us said something really stupid, which would leave something for us to tease the other with at later dates. Very few debts were incurred between the three of us either, and when they were they were often taken care of with the efficiency of the IRS's turtle branch, and would therefore be laughingly overlooked. The fights that did happen merely because no two humans can ever agree on everything all the time only ever left emotional scars, and have since, in turn, fueled our creative endeavors, so in the end everything went much more smoothely than any sitcom could ever hope for.

If I remember correctly, the last time the three of us saw each other was during that brief period when I had moved back to Cottage Grove from Portland, and before Devin moved to Corvallis for school reasons. Justin, I believe (and please correct me if I'm wrong) was living in Eugene. The last meeting of the Three Amigos was probably held at the Vintage Inn, and now that I look back through the years I'm sure that none of us were aware that it was the last time we'd do so.

Time passes, and Justin and I continued to see each other with the frequency of two people who have completely different agendas in their lives, but for some reason I could never hook up with Devin. I'd always just miss him after he'd been in the area, or have the wrong number when I'd call him. Every so often I'd hear that Justin got ahold of him, the most painful story involving Devin's 21st birthday. There was an unspoken vow that had been made that that day (Devin being the youngest of us by a few months for me and a few days for Justin) would be the beginning of some epic adventure of unseen proportions in our lives, and the fact that I missed it hurt me worse than any time we'd argued or had a fight. It really wasn't their fault, seeing how Justin did make it to my 21st Birthday party (though, again with hindsight, that wasn't much to brag about anyway), but the pain was real enough to bring about the old doubts that our friendship had more than just a few cracks that needed paving over.

The realization that the last time I had seen Devin was almost 2 years ago hit me with amazing ferocity. Two years? It had been at least that much time, back when I was still dating Amber.

Colin was coming over, and we had planned to go to the Glenwood back when this was a statement no one was embarrassed to make. The difference between this and any other night was that somehow the gods had looked down upon me and gave me the

knowledge that Devin was in town. I called his parents and got him on the line, gave him directions to my old apartment, & like clockwork he showed up and we tried to catch up on the lost time. When Colin & Amber made it known that they were getting impatient, I invited Devin to come along with us, and he agreed. I rode with him so we could BS, and upon our arrival another bit of news made itself known: the was LSD afoot.

Now, the closest I'd ever come to a hallucinagenic experience with Devin was that induced by sleep-dep, and acid & Devin seemed like a night of pure insanity. I was all for it, but Devin declined, and with this new development the decision became harder to make. The idea that Devin and I would interact while he was (relativly) sober and I was dosed seemed to have it's positive aspects too, but left the potential for disaster higher than normal. The age old problem of being on the same level, or, "in synch," as it were also came up, but I fianlly went ahead and dropped. To hell with the consequences.

The rest of the night has been permanently scarred into my brain-tissue, and if it weren't for the fact that I've started the story out numerous times with, "This is a true story," I would probably think that it was only just that: a story. But truth is stranger than fiction, and I'll be brief in saying that the highlights of the evening involved me, Colin, Amber and two other friends (who are not immediately invovled in the story at hand) driving through an empty star-filled void with street signs littering the vacuum, me by myself experiencing naked free-fall for what felt like several millenia, the return of Colin and Amber in some sort of spaceship that we used to destroy & rebuild different parts of the universe on some sort of universal quest (after I saw it get created in the first place), and the eventual return to "reality" with Colin calmly asking me if I wanted to go and buy some Lemonheads at 7-11 (which we ended up doing). It has been said that the tales of my acid trips are the entire reason people choose to take acid in the first place, but I like to think of it in terms of what I can do with 1 hit of acid takes 100 for most gurus.

The absence of Devin during the trip spawned the "quest" aspect of the rest of the night. One moment I was talking to Devin, I got distracted by something, turned back, and he was gone. This was a major blow to my reality bubble, and it was only well after I had come down that I began to think along the lines that maybe he said goodbye at some point and I was unaware. Whatever the case had been, I didn't see him again.

Justin had promissed to contact me as soon as Devin was in town, and the excitement had already begun to build. Finally I saw Justin walk into the bookstore, and right next to him was Devin & the force of a wind blew past my face; he looked exactly the same! I'd always thought that Justic & I had, "baby-faces,"

those countenances that, no matter what age we reach, will always look the same. But Devin, wow! It was like a time capsule. The clothes, the Guy Gardner haircut, everything was exactly how the image in my head looked.

We shook hands & began the banter, but being at work I didn't have much time, so with a wave they agreed to meet me at work when I got off at 6:30, and off they went. The next few hours were some of the slowest hours I've ever been a part of, and as 6:30 came closer & closer the old fears returned; what if they forgot? What if they opted to blow me off and bond on their own? It had happened before, but that was in High School. We each had five years separating us from those dark days. Surely we had all matured past the point of merely brushing someone off. There was no way they would have ditched me now.

Would they?

At 5:55 I got a call from Justin saying to meet him at the bar next door to my work. A sigh escapted my lips. Of course they wouldn't flake out this time.

I closed the store with insane speed and efficiency, and made myself a cozy little place in the bar. I ordered a whiskey sour (my standard bar drink) and waited with a magazine in hand. At the point in which I was ready to give up, they walked in, and I must admit it was the strangest experience to hang out with them in a bar.

Aside from the obvious, we talked. We talked about what we'd done since last time (Devin got a degree, Justin had gone to Europe, and I was a manager at the bookstore), and we talked about friends from High School as if they were some long-since dead off-shoot of the Aztecs ("Remember Heather? God, I haven't seen her in ages!" "I saw her once..."). There was an inexhausteable well of conversation at our disposal.

A unique ritual that Justin and I have become very good at took place, where we would try our hardest to think of something that we knew would scare the other two to death. Stuff like, "You realize that there are 18 year-old people around right now that were born after Reagan was elected," and, "Can you believe that there are people alive now that don't know the lyrics to, "Paul Revere," let alone ever watched The Rockford Files?" We all swallowed our respective medicine with the looks of 23 year-olds coping as best as they can.

Justin seemed strangely quiet, though maybe it was the four drinks I'd had, or maybe the fact I was talking so much that I didn't notice when he was talking. It's hard to say. I do remember that at the point I had had enough to drink, we all agreed it was time to go back to my place.

By the time we did Devin had convinced me to smoke pot with him, something I haven't done in almost a year and swore I would never do again. My vocal reasoning why I did was that I was drunk, but something inside of me was reaching back to that acid

trip, trying to make sense of this sensory overload with Justin AND Devin being here. Maybe if I got fucked up enough it would all fall into place, it would make sense again and everything would be okay.

Justin and I made Devin listen to some tapes that we knew would give him flashbacks, and I began rummaging through my room looking for momentos to scare Devin with. I don't think the pot did much, if anything to my drunken state, but it couldn't have been helping. I suggested we go into the living room & watch The Simpsons with the rest of the roommates that live in my apartment. There would be other times we could talk and bullshit & frighten each other with our memories. The only thing I wanted right then and there was to know, know for absolute certain before they drove off together without me in search of meaning in the friendship that they have developed together, that the three of us could coexist without those fears and doubts being dangled in front of my face by my own insecurity.

At least for a half-hour.





Things That Would Have To Happen In Order For Me To Ever Finish This Issue

by G.M.

1.) The Power goes out in my house, frocing me to find something other than watch cable to do with my spare time.
2.) Gateway Mall is bombed, forcing me to stay home from work with pay.
3.) All record stores & bookstores and libraries and anything cool in town closes simultaneously.
4.) The Ramen City Kid should have locked his door, preventing me to have access to his record player so I can actually listen to records.
5.) Same scenario as 4 except I would tape all his records.
6.) Aliens abduct me for about one month, and with all that time intervening during interstellar travel, I should get it all done.
7.) My only actual reader gets angry and threatens to kill me if I don't finish (actually, depending on the day, I may opt for death if I'm trying to finish a particular page...)
8.) I win the lottery.
9.) My doctor (not that I have one, but if I did) forces me to stop drinking.
10.) Someone actually inforces this Simple math equation: The Longer I Don't Write = The Longer I Have To Listen To "Baby Got Back" by Sir Mix-A-Lot.

Correspondence

by G.M.

I met Varicoaster Chris when I was dating Shayna With The Cool Name-A because he was dating her roommate. Kind of guilt by association. I remember at first it seemed he and I had nothing in common, seeing how I was a freak and he really REALLY liked ska... at least it seemed that way. Now, I'm not anti-ska (I think there should be a little in every household), but some of the people that are related to the movement bug the fuck out of me. Anyway, one of the first times that I met him he was sitting there listening to some ska band and he had a freshly shaved head & a pub-cap, shorts, converse, a three-button short-sleeve shirt and a jacket on. I decided that I would be very clever and use some of that "observational humor" I saw on TV last night, so I said to him, "You must really like ska." (Boy, I was sharp back then.)

He stood up, got this wild look in his eyes and said, "Are you kidding? My goal in life is to have my picture next to the definition of 'rude' in the dictionary."

From that moment on I knew he had a sense of humor to be reconed with. After all, when dorks like us get together and start making jokes, the part that makes them funny to us is that most of the time we are serious, so it's best the whole world just takes cover. "Hey, wouldn't it be cool if we started an olympic fisting team?" You get the idea. Anyway, we immediately became better friends with each other than either of us ever were with our (now gone) girlfriends.

After we both broke up with our girls, we lost touch with each other. A year lapsed and I went crazy and he went to New Jersey (which is close enough anyway). When I finally saw him after that I was worried that maybe the time had changed us and we wouldn't get along anymore, but after we both discovered that we each had independant stashes of Izod sweaters, that was it. Nothing could keep us apart.

We started "dorking out" regularly, gaming, drinking, coming up with ideas about what to do with the rest of our lives, the usual stuff that guys do when the have too much spare time. See, we decided that with him being a European (German) History major and me being an English major (American History minor + Teaching degree) sort of rules out the possiblity of us having any actual worth-while societal contribution. So in order to make up for this we had to start some sort of buisnes that made some sort of social impact.

Well, suffice it to say that our idea of important social impact was SHITE Inc., a company where we produced the absolute worst music, 'zines, books, beer & household items that no sane person (except people like us) would want. This way, when the

Izod Nation rises to power and we crush the rest of the world with our unforgiving armys consisting of Ex-Wrestlers disillusioned by the mockery most wrestling has become, we will have a vast media empire to subdue the rabid commoners that did not agree with our own particular brand of democoracy where shit is number one and we all swim in the fuckin' toliet!

(Did I mention we played a lot of Warhammer a drank a lot?)

When you plan world domination with someone, its really hard to see them go, but Chris had his priorities straight (sex in New Jersey is a decent enough reason), and so off he went. I felt kind of weird about the departure. It seemed almost as if it were the beginning of some movie where the tragically broken up couple spend the rest of the movie trying to get back together, but for me and Chris it was different because the bonds of friendship are much different than those of love, and you just feel really weird. It's one of those things that people almost never talk about, because how do you define the emotions that friends share?

Well, the rest of my roommates were really good friends with him too (what can I say, we're all dorks) and we all kind of walked around in the general funk with the funniest guy in our little world on the other side of the continent. But then the letters started coming and we all smiled that smile of contentment when you don't actually get what you want, but you get the thing you never thought would be good enough to get you by, and it turns out to be just enough.

I've always thought that Chris was one of the funniest guys in the world, and I was of the opinion that he should start a 'zine just because I'm sure it would be a classic. But he never seems too interested in it whenever I tell him that, so I figured the next best thing would be for me to give you a sampling of this man we all love though his letters:

FROM: Chris
TO : All those fun Kids at the HOUSE OF RAMMSTEIN

7/17/98

Dearest G.M., Brandy, I have no idea how to spell Lauriell, and anyone else who may give half a shit--

Hi di Ho. I am writing from the comfort of the musty little basement I am privledged enough to call "home" while here in the Garden State. I rent said subterraneon bunker from a crazy old man named Isadore Straussfogel. I fall asleep each night to the incessant yapping of his little dog (my man Mr. Straussfogel's hearing, "ain't worth a horse's ass," in his own words, so I guess it doesn't bother him.) Today has been the first mildly boring day since my arrival, since the small Jewish girl I traveled all this way to see had to engage in family activities & none of my other eastern-seaboard type people were available. Naturally, then, I went to Micky D's to find things

for G.M.'s 'zine. I've never contributed to a 'zine before, although I produced three copies of my Subgenius Church Of The Latter Day Baked Goods newsletter in high school, so I was very excited to find placemats with a fun puzzle. I got all the answers right!

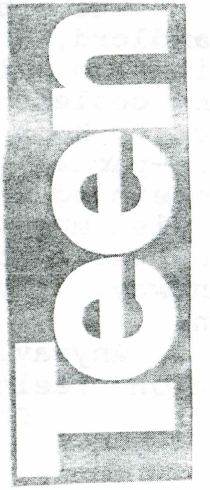
Puzzle

ACROSS

8. Five minus four = GOD.
9. Not mineral, not vegetable, but CODY!!.
10. Means the same as also. Sounds like 2. MOO.
11. This animal says, "quack, quack."
12. To wear on your head. Rhymes with lap. PUD.
13. Boy scouts sleep in a TENDER EMBRACE when they camp out.
6. He is such a cute little SPERM
15. This puzzle is a nice ——— to play.
16. Another word for rock is HELLYEAH
17. Let's have a 3-legged FUCK

DOWN

1. ENEMAS McDonald, a happy clown.
2. Fly away on my magic SCHLONG
3. The dog chased the BOY up a tree.
4. Hem my dress, it is too UGLY
5. Not my father, but my LOVER.
6. Wheels and pedals are parts to a GOVERNMENT CONSPIRACY
7. Starts with "T" and rhymes with boy. TERROR



How are things? I communicated w/ Kelly last night & she informed me that Josh has departed for Portland. I fear this implies that our erstwhile world-savers never got the chance to give Bella the cosmic flush she was in such desperate need of... more's the shame. I miss slaughtering the Satanic hordes w/ youz guyz... I was lucky enough to find the first Rammstein album at a record store out here & it reminded me of sitting in initiative order & getting the fuck out of the way of Glock & Inga.

I am having a lot of fun, but there are some funny things about this side of the continent. I choose not to bore you w/ the difficulties of dealing w/ rich weirdo parents & such, but rather I will talk about cops. There are friggin' armies of these fascist bastards here... the neighboring community of Pennington is probably about 1/7 the size of Cottage Grove & has the added benfiet of being a whitebread hamlet with an average income somewhere around about sixty times that of anyone I know, yet the police force is about the size & mentality of an SS legion. It's fucking nuts... I get followed by cops when I'm walking around & I look about as threatening as a parapalegic. The clincher was when I went to an outdoor evening Gershwin concert performed by some hoser of a singer w/ the New Jersey Philharmonic. The crowd was, shall we say, geriatric. Squads of old people, many of whom had arrived in buses from their nursing homes, were camped in front of a big stage. I think a

bank was sponsoring the whole thing. Anyway, the cool part was that there must have been at least 16 cops, big burly ones at that, crossing their arms sternly & keeping a close eye on the crowd. I thought they were going to bust out w/ rubber bullets & tear gas but thank god no one got out of hand & tried to bum rush the violas.

The other really fun thing here is my before-mentioned landlord, Mr. Straussfogel. Homeboy is pushing 85 or 90 & he likes to tell me he's having his period then laugh uproarisly. The coolest thing so far was when a guy from the gas company was out to hook up my stove (so that I could vary my diet a bit from pre-packed salad & toast) & while the guy was yanking on something w/ a wrench Mr. Straussfogel started with, "God damn, I wish my girlfriend was that tight." He went on to lament how sex was wasted on the young, since old people had nothing to do anyway. I've also gotten to hear lots of WWII stories... rock on.

Anyway, I hope all's well way the hell back there. If anyone feels like dashing me off a postcard or somethin':

Chris Brooks c/o I. Straussfogel
RAMMSTEIN! --Chris

* * * * * *

FROM: Daschund
TO: Ramm... Stein!!!

Sex ist eine slacht

To the Communal Order of West Coast Badasses...
From Agent-at-large Daschund (the Weenie DAWG)

Hello my lovlies! I greatly enjoyed the wealth of correspondence y'all sent my way (I'm feeling very down-home today, hence I will use "y'all" in this letter). I'm proudly displaying the "yuppies last stand" postcard next to the one my friend Cori sent me from Sweden of a Swedish butt. Ass-cheeks... Swede-style. Naturally I would have preferred Norwegian ass but I'll settle for what I can get. Right now I'm listening to G.M.'s Zzzz... Fizzle tape for the umpteenth time. A triumph! KARP could kill & eat Man-O-War & Total Chaos at the same time. Actually, this morning kind of sucks. I've watched the 4 movies I brought w/ me too many times to want to again, so I'll make a list of things instead:

1.) I have three posters on my walls: Tom Waits, which I bought, Kirk Cameron c. 1986 (which Alexis put up & threatened me w/ a total lack of sex if I removed it), and a Dirty Dancing poster which has similar conditions attached (although honestly, I do fall asleep easier looking at Patrick Swazee's bulging biceps.)

2.) I've spent the past two days listening to Bad Religion, Cracker (Fuck yeah to Cracker... "Sometimes I wish I were Catholic... I don't know why") and The Automatics (I found a pop-punk CD from Corvallis for 3 bucks at the Princeton NJ record exchange... why the fuck not).

3.) Tomorrow I have to go to Illinois w/ Alexis, her crazy physicist stepdad (I am not making any of this following up (nor the physicist part)), her evil EVIL EVIL corporate lawyer mom, the sexually vivacious 4 year old (maybe she's 5 by now) sister, the evil EVIL EVIL 8 year old basketball nut brother, and the hostile mean 10 year old sister, who I'm very fond of. This journey is for the purpose of Alexis's stepdad's father's birthday. I'm going because her therapist thinks it's a good idea because when I'm present civility prevents her mother from trying to convince her that she's a bad person. My life is
a.) Fun b.) Like sharp sticks up the butt c.) Monkeys everywhere d.) 30 babies under the tires of 30 trucks in 30 seconds.

4.) Time to go back to conventional paragraph format methinks.

G.M., FYI you did indeed include ample works by Men's Recovery Project. Before I journey to the sceptered Isles I need to tape a bunch of them & a bunch of KARP offa you. How is the new band you & The Ramen City Kid are attempting to forge into hellacious reality? Have you ROCKED Creswell yet? And what of your current state of employment--have you fled book-land & embarked on the opening stages of SHITE Inc. yet? I figure we need to secure about 400,000,000 dollars, after which we will DOMINATE the entertainment industry. We will ROCK the Casbah. How to get the money remains an issue, but I've got a scheme:

Last week I accompanied Alexis & her father's family (slightly less whack than the branch of the fam I'm accompanying tomorrow (I quote my friend Tim's mom in high school: "Tim, your grades are whack.")) to the lovely state of Maine. There, a debate raged in Cappy's restraunt one night between the protagonist (the waiter), me. and Alexis's parents.

Parents: "Gimme a Bud." "Me too."
Waiter: "Oh jeez. C'mon, get something else."
Chris: "Yeah!"
Parents: "No, I think I'll get a Bud."
Waiter: "Look, we've got a local brew that's nice & light. Or get a Guinness!"
Chris: "YEAH! TESTIFY BROTHER!"
Parents: "Fine, give me one of those." "Sure."
Waiter & Chris: "Yowwww!"

And then that crazy fucking waiter served me a pint of Guinness! Ha! I win! Anyway, none of this has anything to do w/ 400 million dollars. My scheme began the day after getting

the pint. We went to visit Alexis's siblings at their summer camp. It was kind of a cross of Club Med, a health spa, and an actual summer camp. Cadres of lipo-sucked bleached people had arrived to see their kids. Quite simply, we'll lie in wait and unleash the members of Morbid Angel on the campers. If the parents want us to lure Morbid Angel away from the terrified youngsters w/ chunks of raw meat we'll have handy, they'll have to provide 400,000,000 dollars & maybe one of their sports utility vehicles to escape in.

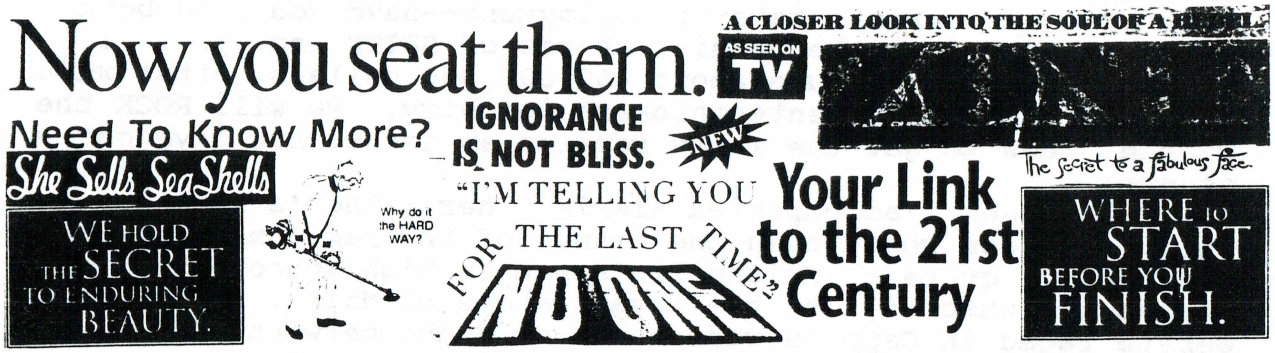
All in all I'm having a swell time but I do miss our wee metropolis. My beloved companion Kelly is traveling out to meet me in Philadelphia (Dow City of brotherly Liebe) on the 21st, after which I should be home in about a week. I hope everyone's doing swimmingly. By the by, what happened to Lauriel? Is she still there or has she unearthed a crypt of her own somewhere? The bat cave?

That address again: [DELETED]
Boy scouts in a tender embrace
--Krieg

P.S. Geni--Congrats on escaping Bandon... mond crazy prizops.

* * * * * *

I hope all is as well as it sounds Chris... we miss you!



The Wisdom Of Vālek (Age Five)

Transcribed by G.M. & Cassandra Thrasher

The setting is University of Oregon Family Housing. The characters are Cassandra & Vālek, mother and son respectively. Now, pay close attention, my dear readers. If we all took tips from Vālek, we'd ALL be cooler people.

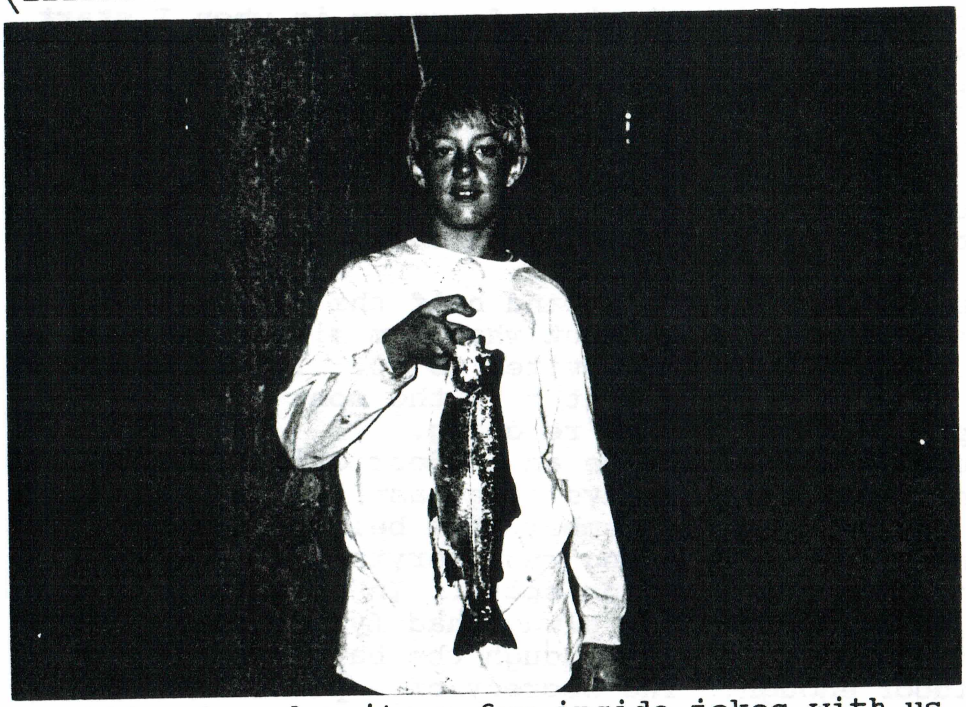
Considering that Cass has just moved into her new home, she is poor, and though this does not stop the love from being all that it could, it does put a damper on family outings. Let's listen in, shall we?:

CASS: "What do you want for dinner?"
VĀLEK: "I wanna go out to eat."
CASS: "Sorry honey, we're so broke that I can only afford to take you to day care three days a week instead of the normal five. A resturant's out of the question."
VĀLEK: Groan. "I wish we had more money."
CASS: "Why hon?"
VĀLEK: "Because I wanna go shopping. Clothes shopping."
CASS: "Clothes shopping!? Why?"
VĀLEK: "Because I waan get new clothes so I can look cool."
CASS: "Honey, you have great clothes. You look rad."
VĀLEK: "Yeah, but I wanna get clothes so I can look like a rocker punk."
CASS: "Honey, I think you mean Punk Rocker. Punk, Rock-er."
VĀLEK: "Yeah, whatever."

Now that kid's got style!

Missing: One Canadian Sport Fisherman

by G.M.



Have you seen this man? He was last seen hanging out at the Blitzhaus on Brandy's birthday and goes by the name "Tobey." Thus far he has left 2 bicycles, a fishing jacket, and 3 tapes at our house. He was our bst friend for about 2 weeks (he even cooked us salmon the he caught), shared quite a few inside jokes with us, even slept (and masturbated) on our couch before he disappeared. This is the most recent picture we have of him (it was taken about 7 years ago), but he really doesn't look much different. If you see him, please tell me we're hungry for more salmon and we miss him very much. (Get the hint, Tobe?)

Man's Search For Meaning In A Meaningless World by G.M.

Part I: Sex & Booze & Who Needs Anything Else?

I've been wandering around town trying to find something. I don't really know what it is. Probably something that I never had to begin with. Nostalgia. Aimlessly wandering from Blair to campus, searching for someone, someplace, something that will be the key. The gem that, once possessed, causes you to let out some sigh of satisfaction. Like, "Ahhhh... now it all makes sense!"

It happens almost every year. I wake up and something doesn't sit quite right with me. A sort of restlessness sets in, and the only thing I can think of to cure it is long walks around town with well-established good friends and beer. But it never quite boils down to just that. Maybe a road trip? But that doesn't work either. Some sort of search, a quest, always ending in some sort of disappointment.

Some people judge it by the whether. Some by the month, and some by the fact they can walk around without a shirt on. But for me, every year, the beginning of summer is when I start to feel restless.

I thought I'd finally found what it was that I was missing with friends. I peopled my surroundings with drinking buddies. We had partys and I bonded with every male I know in an attempt to forge something that may or may not have ever been there to begin with. But they all had lives, and it doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out why they didn't come over every night.

People make plans without you, and half the time I spend wandering the bike path I think about what I'm missing. What I could be doing or what I was not invited to do. I will contend to my dying day that the things that hurt the most are the things that people don't know they're doing.

Then I figured that it must be an outdoor drinking spot. Lately I've been thinking about days long past... day's that probably weren't as good as I remember them being, or may not have even happened, and in the long run everything comes to a head at one point: outdoor drinking spots. In High School we had the bridges, and in Eugene we always had Lyra's house. But now Lyra's house is my house, and though the balcony is great it is still not outdoor enough. The secrecy of a place that is yours, a place that only you and your good friends go to get blasted at, now that is something that I could theoretically find.

But it's same old, same old 'round here. The idea to look for one is shot down by two friends younger than me, one of whom shouldn't even be drinking. So, it's another Saturday that I

shouldn't be up this late anyway, and I'm getting drunk while watching a summer re-run of Saturday Night Live. Now this IS a problem.

I don't ever remember making the conscious decision to be a loser, so how come I feel like one? Is this really how I wanted things to turn out? Is this really how I want things to be? Gee, I have to choose between which crappy sketch comedy show to watch for the next 10 minutes while I finish my beer before I have to go to bed. Sounds like fun to me.

Obviously it's not just my friends. I wish it was. That would make it easy and then all I'd have to do is get new friends and everyone would be fine. But I'm just as much a factor in how I spend my time with my friends as they are.

Do you ever get that guilty feeling whenever you are doing something, the feeling that says, "Because you are doing this you are not getting these things done."? I get it all the time, with everything I do. And it's not just a summer thing either. There has to be more to everything than what's on the surface. Why can't I find an answer?

The last time I ever took acid was dubbed the, "I found what I was looking for!" trip, mainly because I had Negativland's version of "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For" stuck in my head. Anyway, at the end of the Negativland version The Weatherman says, "Well what do you know? There It Is!" (to signify that "he" finally found "what I'm looking for," an attempt to reverse the entire meaning of the song). I said the same thing at the end of my trip because I had finally found "it." "It," of course being my purpose in life.

"It," took two forms, one of which was, "Stop taking acid." But the other has come back to haunt me. I always thought that "It," was, essentially, writing. My ability to tell stories that can't be told by anyone else. But now, I'm not so sure anymore. Especially with my inability to even meet my own non-existant deadlines.

So what does it all mean? Well, I've found that an evening with your girlfriend, several beers and sex seems to make the answer come sharply into focus: cheap thrills, baby.

But until that is enough for me, I'm gonna have to continue this strange and confusing ritual of wandering the streets at night, searching for things that aren't there, looking for something I lost, trying to find my place in this world. Maybe the point is to walk... walking our way toward a better understanding of the universe. Now that would be pretty profound.

It means a lot to me when something clicks in my head, like gears finding their right place and working with each other instead of against, and sometimes I think that some things never will click. Sometimes I think that if they did click, then that would really be loosing the point. I'd walk forever if that were the case.

Epilogue: Part I

by G.M.

Two people have found the kindness in their hearts to mention this humble publication in their's, so let's give them a big hand!

Maybe Magazine gave us a favorable review in issue #28 ("Uhm... it's good... read it!"). I had only just discovered her well written endeavor & decided to write her when, lo and behold, she gives me the thumbs up. Way to go! If you want to check out her mag, write to: Maybe Magazine, 2172 Blake #9, Berkeley CA 94704.

Meanwhile, Cometbus #43 took an alternate approach by mentioning the fact I hadn't printed his story yet... on page 2 no less! Accusations of pot smoking aside (get with the program, Aaron, that's so Blair Blvd.), I've already tackled this issue within these pages. Nice try, blaming it on me tough guy. You should know you don't have to try that hard to make me look like a lazy bastard.

I'D BUY THAT FOR A DOLLAR C/O A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. PUBLISHING P.O. BOX 10502 EUGENE OR 97440 TELL YOUR FRIENDS TELL YOUR ENEMIES JUST TELL.

From the, "While We're On The Subject," Dept.:

I like to play, "Spot that feeling," when I get bored. "What is this sensation? What's happening to me?" Living in one location for over a year is one thing, but convincing a friend you owe $500 to that sharing that place with you puts a whole new slant on things. How did this happen? Where did this house come from? Why am I the head of the household, so to speak?

Old, hated friends return from Seattle or wherever it was they have holed up for months, and they try to pretend that nothing has happened. Other, non-hated friends come to visit or live with you & you have to keep telling yourself that it isn't their fault they don't feel the same way about your hated friends. Is it me? Should I be more forgiving?

Fights with girlfriends. Late bills. Friction @ work. The end of life as we know it. Trying to start a new band with Brian Who Is Called Brian. Fantomas. What is this feeling I'm experiencing?

Life, perchance?

--G.M. 10/25/98